

EASILY TOWED CANAL BOAT

Remarkable Strength Displayed by Three Hundred Pound Carp, According to Captain.

With a big piece of fried carp as his corroborative evidence, Capt. Tom Moore of canal towage boat No. 8, in service on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, related a fish story of some magnitude when his boat reached here recently, says a Cumberland (Md.) correspondent of the New York Herald.

"We were slipping along in the Big Pool," said Captain Tom, "when I saw an enormous carp swimming near the boat. I sized my rifle and fired, stunning him. Up he comes, belly up. Then I jumped ashore and slipped a mule collar over the fish's head and back to just behind the gills. It fit snug. He couldn't shake it off. Then I tied one end of a line to the collar and the other to the boat and got aboard."

In a few minutes the carp came to and started like a flash down the canal, and he yanked the old boat along with ease. I yelled to the driver to unbuckle his mules and trot along behind and the carp pulled us clear into Cumberland. When we got to the barge here I killed the carp. It weighed three hundred pounds. And there," concluded Captain Moore, pointing to the dish of fried fish, "is a piece of it, if you don't believe me."

TRICK TURNED BY DIPLOMAT

Nicaraguan Postage Stamps, Issued at Unfortunate Time, Lost That Country the Canal.

A postage stamp which played a part in history is told about by M. Bunau-Varilla in his book on the Panama canal. The incident occurred when the discussion over the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaraguan routes was at its height. Bunau-Varilla had been working vigorously for the Panama route, making use of the two arguments of less cost and immunity from active volcanoes.

One day he recalled that Nicaragua had issued a handsome stamp, showing a volcano in full activity. He at once sent to the dealers in foreign stamps in Washington, and obtained ninety of these stamps, which he forwarded to the ninety senators, along with bits of paper bearing the words: "Postage stamp of the republic of Nicaragua; an official witness of the volcanic activity of Nicaragua."

The catastrophe at St. Pierre took place about this time, to deepen the impression of volcanic danger, and the Panama route was adopted by the narrow margin of four votes.

Boer Umbrella. Umbrellas for some inscrutable reason for the seasons in South Africa are not so changeable as ours, are much used by the Boers. In common with our own views, the Boer believed that an umbrella gave a man an air of distinction, though the shocking specimens they carried, which reminded one very much of Salsbury Gump, would not have been calculated to possess this attribute among our own countrymen. Where these umbrellas came from is one of the many unknown facts of the old-time republic. They were big and bulky, as a rule of alpacas, and the catch was generally out of order, but they were always to be found in the guestroom when the "old man" was at home, and always accompanied him in the spider when he journeyed into town on Saturday. They were rarely opened in public, because if the weather was wet the Boer stayed at home. An umbrella is not considered necessary on horseback, as a rule, but the Boer carried it here just the same as he did when driving in his spider, and often used it as a whip to urge his steers on—Outfitter.

When We Criticize. No one who habitually points out others' failures can be a success himself. There is something about the habit of criticism that prevents the free, full expression of good in the life of the critic. It has been said, for example, that "professional literary critics never turn out any good literature. Their habitual attitude of criticism dries up the sources of literary production." Whether this sweeping statement is true in every case or not, it suggests a warning that most of us need to think about. To be habitually interested in seeing and speaking about the failures of others is to dry up our own powers of good. And the reverse is equally true; to be sensitively conscious of the good that is in others, to discover it and talk about it freely, is to bring good into being in our own lives that might otherwise never come into existence. How much better it is to discover that which makes for life than that which makes for death—Sunday School Times.

Invalid's Sweet Patience. Who does the most complaining in this world? Not the invalids. For hours on hours they lie there, secretly resolving "Let me make myself less a sorrow to others today than I was yesterday." And these are their victories, grander far than those of war. When these moral conquests are extended over months, perhaps years, the heroic sufferer's room often becomes a chamber of comfort to all who are unhappy. What a triumph when, to the chair of some grand martyr come the friends of a wide circle that her gentle hand may wipe away their tears. These are the uncrowned queens of our race. In almost every home there is a name above every name, that of the sweet and patient invalid—New York World.

DEATH DUE TO IMAGINATION

Dr. Mary Walker Cites an Instance—Says Georgia Banker Might Have Been Saved.

I deem it a cruel thing to have insisted that "Mr. Walker must die of poison" when he had lived so long. Dr. Mary Walker writes to the Washington Post.

Had he been a patient of mine I should have declared that he could not die, and proceeded with saving methods. When my father was a medical student the following story was told to him:

A large, stout fellow was awaiting his day to be hanged for murder. Some doctors persuaded the warden of the prison to allow an experiment, promising not to hurt the man, provided the criminal consented.

The doctors told him that they "could bleed him to death, and spare his relatives the ignominy of his being hanged," and he readily consented to die that way.

He was placed upon a table, a tin pan put on the floor at his feet, and another placed high above it with a puncture to let the water out in drops.

The man's eyes were covered and his body fastened to the table and a blunt instrument used to press hard against his foot. Then the water falling in big drops into the pan made the noise that convinced the man that he was being bled.

The doctors talked low about the quantity of blood he might have, and occasionally felt his pulse, and in a whisper stated he would be dead in a few minutes longer, and he did die without one drop of blood having been taken.

Many people have died because of having been told that they must die, when if they had been told that they would not die they would have recovered.

WHEN RICHARD BACKED AWAY

Turn in the Conversation Evidently Was Not to the Liking of the Enamored Swain.

"I've brought the ring, dear," exclaimed Dick as his fingers moved toward his vest pocket.

"Well, Richard, before we become formally engaged will you answer me a few questions?"

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"No, my man," said the governor, on being appealed to, "you cannot see the prisoner. He is to be executed in half an hour's time, and it is not allowed for visitors to see a prisoner on the day of execution. But what might be your business with him?"

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LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



Helping the Horses.

A man riding on the front platform of a downtown horse car in a city where horse cars still run, noticed standing beside him a tired looking Irishman who held a heavy bundle on his shoulder.

"Why don't you set that bundle down on the platform?" asked the gentleman.

"Sure," said the Celt, "these poor horses have all they can do to drag the car and the pay-ple. O'll carry the bundle."

Not in Vain. Henry never knew stairs could be so troublesome and alpine until that mid-night. He had reached the turning point of his perilous journey when his wife appeared, armed with the well-known candle and poker.

"You're drunk, Henry!" she cried, vindictively. "You're drunk!"

"Well, if I ain't," responded Henry demurely. "I've spent \$2.65 for nothing at all."

And he wept—Judge.

Thankful. Giles met an acquaintance on the street the other day, although he artfully tried to avoid him.

"Hello, Giles, dear boy!" exclaimed the other. "So glad to see you. I'm going to London next week; can I do anything for you?"

"No, please enough, thanks," replied Giles, moving on.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Playing. "When a family seemed pinched in circumstances the first thing we asked was whether a woman's husband played the horse races."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Now the first thing we ask is whether a man's wife plays bridge."

Obscure. "Ah! Back from your vacation, I see. Did you find what you wanted—an obscure little village, far away from civilization?"

"My boy, it exceeded my wildest dreams. Why, that town didn't even issue souvenir postcards."

Getting Worse. The man who goes to pieces. Won't father many hits. Because time just increases. The fragmentary bits.

Strike Broken. Master of the House—See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?

Slavey—There ain't agoin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir.

"What's that? No dinner?"

"No, sir. The missus came 'ome from jail this afternoon, an' ate up bever'think in th' 'ouse!"

Unkind Thought. Patience—What has become of the old-fashioned bicycle rider who could get himself arrested for anything?

Robert—I expect he's searching in some other world now.

One Exemption Sure. Patience—A society has made Will an offer to buy all the songs he writes in a year.

Patience—I know very well it can't be the Humane society.

Merely Unfortunate. "There is some dark secret connected with his son's career in college."

"Nothing involving moral turpitude. He struck out the day of the big match, with the bases full."

Cruelty. "I hate to put some of my photographic subjects on my plates."

"Why so?"

"Because they are such sensitive plates."

What He Was. Miss Chatterton—I hear you've been operating in the stock market. Were you a bull or a bear?

Mr. Smatterton—Neither. I was the goat.

GRAND FORM OF EDUCATION

Museums of the Country Have Done Much for the Real Advancement of the Student.

One of the hundred representatives of as many American museums in this country holding a three days conference expressed the opinion that objects of art and otherwise on exhibition should not be labeled. Fortunately, he was combated by another delegate, and the opinion of the members generally seemed to be with the latter. There is no doubt of the growing value of museums of all sorts as educational factors, but their importance and usefulness would be hampered if there were no labels. In fact, the general comment of the public is that there are no labels enough. Few visitors are profound students. They go to learn, and a stuffed animal, a picture or an ethnological specimen is to them nothing until explained. Some museums are leaning not only catalogues for every section, but putting extensive placards wherever needed.

Philadelphia contained the first museum in this country. Charles Wilson Peale collected interesting works of art, archaeology and ethnology, and this city refused the whole as a gift some eighty years ago because of the slight expense of maintenance. In consequence the collection was broken up, and most of it went to Boston. In these days we have the museum in the art gallery in Fairmount park, the University museum, the Commercial museum, the Academy of Natural Sciences museum and some others, all of which are growing rapidly, and are being conducted scientifically for the education of the people.

Although attendance on these is large, it does not compare with what it should be. For mere delight, for usefulness and for broad education these museums offer objective and satisfactory exhibits which make for knowledge and culture. It is pleasing that our distinguished visitors find so much here to commend.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FINE LIVING ON SHIPBOARD

How the Menu Has Been Improved Since Charles Dickens Crossed the Ocean.

When Dickens came over to America 11 years ago, there was one large table in the dining room for passengers. The first officer sat at the head, carving the turkey with all the grace he could command between lurches of the good ship, trusting to Providence that the gravy would not slop over. The passengers sent their plates along the line and waited for their helpings. Today the dining room of a large ship looks like the dining room of a fine hotel, Harold Chester writes in Leisure. It is just as exquisitely appointed and has every good thing to eat that can be found on land. In fact, one of the new ships has a restaurant named after a famous one in New York, and the two keep in touch by wireless so that the menu, day by day, are the same. Think of having your dinner arranged by wireless—your macaroni by Marconi!

The dining room is divided up into a number of small tables, so that you can have your own party, with only half a dozen of you, with your own waiter, instead of sitting at a long table and passing your plate as Dickens did.

The development of the wonders of cold storage has done more than any other one thing to make life on the ocean wave one long round of joy. Cold storage gives you the best in the world to eat, and every day of the year. A world traveler was telling me the other day that he had eaten grapefruit every morning all around the world. The ship on which he sailed put in a large amount of ice cream made in New York, and 110 days later, when he arrived in San Francisco, he was still eating New York ice cream.

Trading Stamp Idea Upheld.

The court of appeals of Maryland in State vs. Caspary holds that a law prohibiting the trading stamp business is unconstitutional and void as amounting to the destruction of a lawful business. The court held that the legislature may not under the guise of protecting lawful interests interfere with private business. It rules that the issuance of trading stamps is not tainted with an element of chance nor profitable of a statute prohibiting the dealing in trading stamps for anything uncertain or undetermined at the time of the acquisition of the stamps. The court cited the following language of the New York court of appeals in People vs. Gilson: "Such a regulation of trade is in our opinion not only unwise but unlawful, because it is necessary neither for the health, safety nor welfare of the people, and which in its operation would be oppressive and burdensome."

Picnic Problem Solved. A host of cups which take up little room in the picnic basket seems to be the solution of a familiar problem. These are made of aluminum, the lightest material from which such things are made, and the cups are practically indestructible. They are fitted snugly one into the other, and a cover fits the largest one so that when not in use the whole set of six is kept clean and free from dust. Aluminum does not rust or tarnish like tin or silver, so that it is particularly desirable for articles of this kind. Also it is thin, and in spite of the fact that there are six cups in the nest there is not a very great difference between the sizes of the largest and the smallest of them.

Adrift with Humor



Made the Sale.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a shop assistant.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman, "we have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were because the fashion paper says black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

His "Herein" Was the Worry.

"I say, Sambo," asked a man of an imprudent negro who had lost a job for the third of fourth time, "aren't you worried over the question of wherewithal to support you?"

"Lorcy, Marce Henry," was the reply, "I ain't worryin' 'bout wherewithal; I'm worryin' 'bout da wherfore for de herein."

The Lure of It. "She chose a life in the ranks of the chorus, I understand, rather than become a lady's maid."

"Well, why shouldn't she? There's a great deal of difference, when you come to think of it, between being Fanchon St. Claire and Maggie Peters."

Expert Advice. "Should I marry Mr. Wombat, who is forty, or Mr. Weep, who is twenty? They both earn the same salary."

"Marry the young man. He'll sag less about expenses."

"Why so?"

"He can't remember when prices were lower."

Starting Early. Mrs. Newwed—I'll never leave baby with my brother to mind again.

Mr. Newwed—Why not?

Mrs. Newwed—I left baby with him today and when I came home, the baby was playing with a pack of cards and a box of poker chips.

Never Again. She smoked just one. No more, you bet! She calls it now a "cigarette."

Needless Expense. "Father," asked the girl who was going to marry a poor man, "do you think I ought to take a course of household economics. They offer a lovely one at Briny Moore for \$300."

"No," replied pater grimly. "You will get one for nothing after you are married."

Numbered. "What number did you engage this year?" the wife asked.

"The same old man," replied hubby. "You know, he has the combination of our numbered furniture."

Knew His Capacity. "Well, where have you been?"

"My dear, if I should try to tell you all the places I've been—"

"I judge by your condition that you have been to more than seven."

Preposterous. She—George, the hat dress I bought has lasted me nearly a year and a half.

He—Georgie, you women are lucky. That last hat I bought hasn't lasted me a month and a half!

Point of View. "Well, we certainly had an open winter," a gentleman remarked to his coal dealer recently.

"Yes," grunted the other. "Open to objection."

Tastes Differ. "Bring me a demi-tasse, waiter. Will you have the same, John?"

"None of them fancy drinks for me. Just bring me some good, strong coffee."

TWO NEIGHBORS.

Two neighbors kept hens and quarreled because they scratched each other's potato rows up. One sold his hens unknown to the other, who made a large run and fastened his hens up, saying:

"Now, the first hen I see in my garden I shall shoot."

Next day he saw a hen scratching as usual, so he got the gun and shot it, then threw it over his neighbor's rails, saying, "Take your hen!" The hen was picked up, taken in, and cooked.

The following days the same thing happened. Still the neighbor took them up and said nothing, till the seventh came over and hit him on the head. Then he picked it up and threw it back at his neighbor, saying: "Eat your old hens. We are tired of eating them, and prefer a little pheasant. I sold my hens over a month since!"—Tit-Bits.

English Geography.

A professor from Iowa went to England last summer, and was introduced to a professor from one of the English universities. He met the American and said:

"I met one of your colleagues last summer. We had another professor from Ohio to visit us."

"But I am from Iowa."

"Iowa, indeed! How very interesting! I am sure the other gentleman called it Ohio."—Publisher's Weekly.

HE HAD RIDDEN IN ONE.



Nelson—The Pullman Car Co. paid a dividend of 15 per cent. last year. Nelson—it would be twice as much if they made the porters whack up.

Above the Fashions. Though traces of any more are seen in women's skirts, please note, which Longfellow wrote.

Probably Shrank, Too. A young chap entered the water at Atlantic City in a 40-cent suit of blue flannel. As he splashed about he was joined by a girl friend. The girl flashed her bright eyes over the tumbling expanse of sea and then, with a sigh of delight, she said:

"Isn't the water blue today?"

"It's shameful," said the man, with a hot blush, "it's perfectly shameful how this cheap bathing flannel runs."

Resignation. "The court of appeals has decided in our favor," announced the younger lawyer.

"Isn't" mused the head of the firm, in a melancholy tone, "Case tried only once. Well—and he recovered his equanimity by a great effort—I suppose we must be satisfied to let it go at that."—Puck.

Exchange of Courtesies. "This man who wants board on credit claims to be a foreign nobleman."

"Show you any proof?" asked the proprietor.

"Showed me a photograph of a castle."

"Well I have no objection to you showing him a photograph of a ham sandwich."

A JOB. Mr. Landlord Bug—Well, how about the rent?

Mr. Tenant—Well, you'll have to come in and get it if you want it.

Slow Fellow. She was a most delightful miss; He got a freezing look.

She told him he could have one kiss. And one was all he took.

Nothing Strangers About That. "Queenie, you are accustomed to speaking of yourself as exceedingly plain, but you don't know how your face grows on one!"

"Oh, yes, I do, George; it grew on me, didn't it?"

Surprising. "I have noticed one queer way in which nature works with opposites."

"What's that?"

"So often the rising wind means falling weather."

Why Is Sleep? Why is sleep? Now, please don't answer this question right off the bat, so to say, by remarking that it is an instinct or a necessity or anything like that. For Drs. Legendro and Piedron of London, in experiments on dogs, have discovered that sleep is due to a toxic substance in the blood developed by long periods of wakefulness. There you have it, you see—the longer you stay awake the sicker you will be to sleep. And you may know of some persons who have arrears of sleep due and uncollectable for various reasons, and others who have long overdrawn their accounts. All of which goes to show that sleep is rather an unevenly distributed thing and—oh, well, what of it?

If you do not desire much, little will seem much to you, for small wants give poverty the power of wealth.—Democritus.

POVERTY AS LEVELER

My BELLE MANIATES.

Ralph Duncombe had loved Jean always. He had told her so when she was twenty and he was thirty. But, then, in the height of her gay season, he seemed quite remote to her, and she had refused his proposal.

Two years later he came over and she married Ralph. It was a case of any port in a storm, and she frankly told him so; but he felt assured that his great love for her could not but bring love in return.

He lavished upon her everything that his wealth could bestow and his thoughtfulness devised.

One evening Jean came upon her husband unawares in the library. His face was buried in his hands, and his whole attitude was one of dejection and despair. He had not heard her enter. She softly withdrew.

"What have I done," she thought, sorrowfully, "to make him happy? Nothing."

She went back to the library.

"Ralph," she said, gently.

"Jean," he said, slowly, "I have lost my money—everything. We are poor, Jean!"

"But, Ralph, you have health, strength and ability; you are young enough to work. Do you care so much for riches? You forget, Ralph